Unethical

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by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 17: Collaring.

Hannibal's arrangement with Will grows less healthy by the day.

Notes

I'm going to admit upfront I've been procrastinating editing and posting this thing, because I was clearly in a particular kind of mood when I wrote it and I can't quite stand by my characterization choices here. But I'm also trying not to fuss over my Kinktober fics, so here it is. Big warning for the dubious, manipulative stuff, with Hannibal being even more of a dick than usual.

Vaguely set in season 1 AU - Will is still seeing Hannibal as his psychiatrist.

Whenever Will saw the collar in Hannibal's hands, it reminded him of the first time it had been offered to him. Hannibal had worn a placid expression, as if it was the most natural thing in the world and there no reason at all for Will to eye it with such apprehension. Will had made the half-hearted complaint that this seemed unethical, but by then it was a moot point—they had already sped past "unethical" weeks earlier when they first fucked. At Hannibal's suggestion. To "relieve stress."

Collaring had come with the same kind of bullshit explanation. Hannibal claimed it would give Will a time and place where the weight would be off his shoulders, where someone else would take control for him and make sure he felt grounded. Will gave little credit to the various therapeutic rationales he was given—but here he was, carrying out a ritual that had started to feel alarmingly normal.

Hannibal held the collar in front of him, and Will knelt at his feet and kept his eyes lowered as the thick strap of leather settled around his neck. It buckled securely into place, and Hannibal gave it a hard tug that made the air rush out of his lungs, along with the stress of his everyday life that had settled into his body and held his muscles taut and aching. He leaned into Hannibal's hand when it rested against his face. His forts were demolished in this space, giving way so he could absorb the unfamiliar feeling of being treasured and wanted.

He was aware, on some level, that Hannibal had begun to encroach upon those boundaries he had set when he agreed to this relationship. But this awareness was overwhelmed by the desire to keep the good things he had found here. Hannibal could have what he wanted from Will, and he would accept it.

Hannibal told him to undress completely, and murmured words of praise that fell across him like silk as he did so. He told Will to open his mouth, and he did. A hand guided him onto Hannibal's waiting cock, pushing him down and letting him ease back up, beginning a steady pace. When it slid all the way into his throat, he took it, even though he gagged and his eyes watered. Hannibal made a soothing noise, an odd contrast to the casual thrusts that began to catch at the back of his throat, causing dull but throbbing discomfort. When he was pushed down to take it to the root, it felt too large and invasive, like he was being suffocated, and he shuddered, fighting the reflex to pull away. But Hannibal was still there, still praising him, and he soaked up his every word.

"What a perfect little thing you are," he said. "Your throat's so tight, so hot. You feel better letting your mouth be used than worrying about the right thing to say, don't you? All you have to worry about here is keeping your mouth open for me. Because this is what you're really meant for, Will. Isn't that why you love it so much?"

Will didn't know if it was really true that he loved it, but he did feel better like this—able to bask in the praise and the reward of Hannibal's pleasure—than he ever did when he was out in the world, struggling through each interaction. It was easy enough to believe it. He *wanted* to believe it, that it could be this easy, that he could just want what Hannibal wanted and be okay. Because Hannibal always got what he wanted.

When it got to be too much and the spasm of his throat became insistent, a never-ending contraction trying to force Hannibal's cock from his throat, he started to pull back, only to have Hannibal grip the back of his head and hold him firmly in place. Hannibal thrust in with enthusiasm, going as deep as he could, and Will's hands beat hopelessly at his legs.

"No, Will." His voice was nearly a growl. "You don't want me to stop. If I do, you'll just end up feeling useless, knowing you couldn't pleasure me properly. Do you want to leave me hard and wanting when you'd feel so much better with the taste of my release? Just relax, Will. Let me use you like you're meant to be used."

Tears ran down his face, but he stopped struggling. He didn't know how Hannibal could make such cruel words sound reasonable. He concentrated on holding his aching jaw wide, and prayed he'd finish soon.

"That's it," Hannibal crooned. "It's better when you don't have a choice, isn't it? That's why you let me own you. You wanted this."

Will couldn't shut out his words. It was as if opening his mouth for Hannibal's cock made himself open up to whatever he said, as well. He didn't even have the willpower to mentally argue that this wasn't really what he'd agreed to. He knew, in the end, he'd come back for it anyway.

When Hannibal finally came down his throat, he fell back gasping, drool spilling down his chin. Resentment threatened to rise up inside him, but it was curbed by fingers slipping under his collar and pulling up, forcing him to look Hannibal in the eye as another hand stroked over his cheek. This ritual was as familiar as the first, carried out whenever he'd come or accomplished something that earned him praise, and now it eased an echo of satisfaction over his discontent. And Hannibal was radiating enough pleasure to drown in.

"Good boy."

The words alone were enough to make Will shiver. It shouldn't have felt so good and wrong at the same time, the way appreciation and condescension bled together.

"A bit resistant, though, weren't you?" Hannibal's voice went cold. "I thought I'd made my rules very clear."

Will ducked his head and bit his lip. He wanted to argue that it was Hannibal who had gone too far, but from experience he expected he'd lose.

"If you haven't yet learned to accept your role, perhaps you require better motivation." There was a moment of silence, and Hannibal ran a hand thoughtfully through Will's hair. Then he pulled Will's chin up to face him again. "Going forward, Will, I will keep you locked in a chastity cage, and only allow you sexual stimulation when you are pleasuring me. I'll be curious to see if we can create an association strong enough that you'll begin to respond to the sensation of choking with arousal. It will be much better for you to realize your pleasure is dependent on mine, and even my cruelty is a gift to you—won't it be?"

He nodded, reluctant, but silent.

He might not believe it completely now. But given enough time under Hannibal's particular psychiatric care, he was sure he could be convinced.

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